

## Chris Walla

### "Block To The Burbs"

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[Intro]

Yeah, Webby  
Freeway, yeah!  
Block to the Burbs, man  
If you nice, you nice  
End of story

[Verse 1 - Webby]

You see I'm reaping for the burbs, still I'm murdering  
verses  
With Connecticut inserted in ink on my epidermis  
Written in my skin later, with rhyming I've been greater  
Writing lyrics on a piece of paper since a sixth grader  
With my CD disc player, playing loud up in the Sony  
phones  
With a style of the flowin' that I call my own  
CT's what I call my home and I'm never leaving you  
Put us on the map is what I need to do  
And even through the hate and the criticism I take it  
and listen  
But all you fakers are breakin' the way I rape 'em with  
lyricism  
I stay with the clearest rhythm regardless of burb spot  
Burbs to the blocks if you spittin' a verse hot  
And that's all that matters, you either got it or not  
Regardless of where you grew up, there with your mom  
and your pops  
See I'm in it to the finish, never plottin' to stop  
Rhyming heat, pilot seat, kamikaze the spot  
Man you dope, or you probably not  
I could body the block with nothing but a sixteen on the  
top  
I'm like Tony Soprano when I rip it I bust flow in a  
suburban commando  
And I'm bigger than Hulk Hogan  
Check it I'm wrecking every consecutive second  
In from Philly back to the 2-03 that's what we  
representing'  
I've been destined to make it, and I won't stop 'til I get it  
And now it's Freezer and Webby, two different worlds  
are connected

[Hook - Freeway]

Ride to the 'burbs, take a trip with me  
We gon' cruise all around the world  
Man, they hatin' when we visit, come around they girls  
Visit burbs, visit ghettos all around the world  
From the burbs to the block take a trip with me  
We gon' cruise all around the world  
When we visit try to keep us from around your girls  
Visit burbs, visit ghettos all around the world

[Verse 2 - Freeway]

One, it's an emergency, cowards tried to murder me  
From the hood to the burbs every one of you people  
heard of Free-  
Way, if it y'all that ain't heard of me  
House old one, in '06 no burglary  
Survived the rock split, continued to drop hits  
These rappers continue to bite my shit, commit purgory  
Outer space bar treats are still spitting mercury  
Flow is from outta this planet, women from Venus  
Men are from whatever planet they think with they  
penis  
Eat? bars? for me when they land it  
'Nother panic, hit up Webby tell him, "Ready to canvas"  
World trotter, I'm in Africa be back by the evening  
Don't sweat it I will be there on behalf of the Beamer  
Plus the Delta Sky team while I insist that I'm repping  
When I fly that's who I fly with, I'm a diamond?  
Any weather, I can? I'm on a jet? jetted  
Back home they call me Chester, cause I get the  
cheddar  
Yeah I get to the geen, I got my shit together  
It's a national hustler, I still? rocks in the united states  
Still bobblin' mecca, from the burbs to the ghetto  
Word to the wise, never lie in your rap songs, learn  
from Geppetto  
Pinnocchio, tell lies and your nose grow  
Me and Webby ride, get cheddy 'til we old folks

[Hook]

[Outro]

From the Burbs to the Block  
Burbs to the ghetto

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